


July 24 - 102 - 76
My Dear Susanna also Chie, mama & grand mien. -

Quitting - Whereas, the aforesaid Susanna, Wife and grandmire did most most nobly succor, relieve, and relieve, the financial difficulties incumbent upon a certain Frank V Smith of New York (a suburb of Jersey City) and enable the aforesaid Smith to get from durometer file his watch (which same apprised him that it is time to write to the aforesaid bunch, he it **RESOLVED** that the hall wherein the Smith (aforesaid) has his domicile place of abode and home be known as long as time shall last, as "Smith Hall" of Vining place (as long as he pays his rent) and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the invidious relics.  SIGNED
F. V. SMITH.

A lady walking along the street was heard to remark, "how bright Madison square is to night, It is much better than when they had those indecent lights. But joking aside, I was much much obliged for the financial aid received and I hope to get on my feet again and avoid Canaan fields in the future."

We are having rainy weather for a change. I went out to Elizabeth NJ this P.M. in answer to an extremely promising advertisement, but don't know as it will amount to much as the superintendent of the concern said he wanted a "genius" and I am not one. I may be able to do work for him however. So had a pleasant trip. I went out on the Pennsylvania R.R. It is just beyond Newark about 15 miles from Jersey City. It made me think of going to Phila the trains run so fast. While I was waiting at the Station for a train to come and take me back to N.Y., four trains each way came past at about 60 miles per hour and our freight of coal cars which was 80 cars long. The big cars too. The Pennsylvania is certainly a great road. It rained as I left Elizabeth which is a very pretty little city of about 12000, but thanks to the arrangement of ferries and cars I was able to get to my door with only a few stray drops

withing me. The trams run into Jersey City terminal and all one has to do to get to any locality in N.Y. is just to walk from the train to a ferry which carries you across. I came to the 23rd St station and



came up on a cross-town car which is a great blessing to have. The Syndicate gave me work enough to keep me busy for a day or so, and I got a chance to do a bit of advertising work for a fellow on Broadway. The music business is pretty dull, and I am not counting much on that for support. I want to get some steady place if I can, and thus I can count on what I have coming. I don't like this, so one work on the next. I had a letter from grandpa Smith the other day. He said he enjoyed Susie's calls very much.

I went up to Central Park the other day, Monday as I had no work to do. I got a permit, and did some sketching. I was sketching in the Lion House and making a sketch of the Himalayan tiger the when a negro and his wife came in. He said "O de Lord sake take look a dat big wil cat. Ah never see no such a animal kfo - no sub!" (in reply to my question, "If he had the seen a tiger before.") He says it's a laggar, take, dis gemmen y're look a dem pans he miss he lak a stream roller for to step on yo neck. "Wha's dat sub? Brake a oxs naik wif his pans na soul take but he's a poufuit naskile sho nough!" I was so interested in the conversation that I lounged down the line after the pair and heard fragments of the conversation. "Dat one's got a toose! onto his tail." "Massy on us if he sho'd get out!" "if a de elephant look a bees long probiscus" "Goodness me, dese animals is as big as a house, look a here take come here, - see de what you call in boss? the hippopotamus dey big sho nuff big as de Miss Williams down home &c &c. I was much interested in their comments on the various animals for they were so ingenuous and artless that they were new to me. The ordinary New York "corn" is quite another creature. I heard that the man had

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recently gotten married and had come as assistant
to a man who had bought on some horses from
Kentucky so he was a real southern dacker. One has
to have a permit to sketch in Central Park, but it
is only a formality, as they simply take your
name and address and don't even ask if you are a
good artist or not. If they asked me if I were a
good I should roll up my eyes and say,
"Surely I am I go to church every Sunday."

Blinks. What do you think of the new golf skirt
do you think it makes the girls look
shorter?



Sprinks - I don't know about that. It certainly
makes the men look longer.

(Haw Haw, joke). Speaking of golf, did
you say you wanted to play? Evelyn has
my golf sticks and I guess you could use them OK
if you cared to "borrow" them. Speaking of E -, I
didn't get any letter from her in the winter, I wrote
one but didn't receive any answer so concluded the
schoolman was to busy tracking the young
idea how to shoot to pay any attention to the
older idea and later developments, - ahem!
as I was ~~about~~ ^{about} to say, Mr Muller of the Syndicate
is an enthusiastic fisherman and I have
retouched some photos of himself catching various
kinds of fish. One is of him when he has a
skate on (no pun) his line, and another a shark.
They make me want to go and do likewise.

I am so lazy I put off writing until nearly
time for the mails ~~so~~ to close and then my
thought refuse to run as freely as the ink. I am
reading the Spectator papers and find therein
food for much philosophical reflection. I am
quite carried away with Addison's style and
should you by any chance discover that

my style shows any inprovement in diction and
power of expression pray do not flatter me but lay
it against my reading of Addison and Steele.

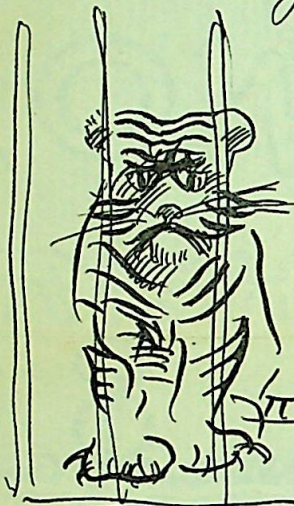
Addison says a Pur is the nearest example of false
wit. So I am going to quit punning. I am much
exercised over a small pimple which has come on
the side of my nose. For a temperance man it savors
too much of the bar room and is almost as bad as
the flask in the temperance lecturer's pocket. I trust
it will not remain to disgrace the otherwise placid
member. I see But occasionally and in pass the
time of day and talk about the weather and purg-
purg. There isn't much going on to talk about!

I will inclose some clippings and send this, with
much love to all - I hope I can get away, but
I can't tell much about it just yet. The picture
of little Bo pep was very good. I send one in
return. much regards to all -

yours lovingly.

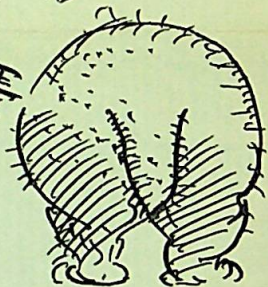
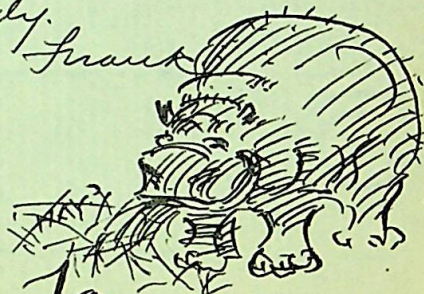
Frank

HYPONTAMIOSSES



THE TAGGER

AIN'T HE A
AWFUL ANIMALE



REAR VIEW.